Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

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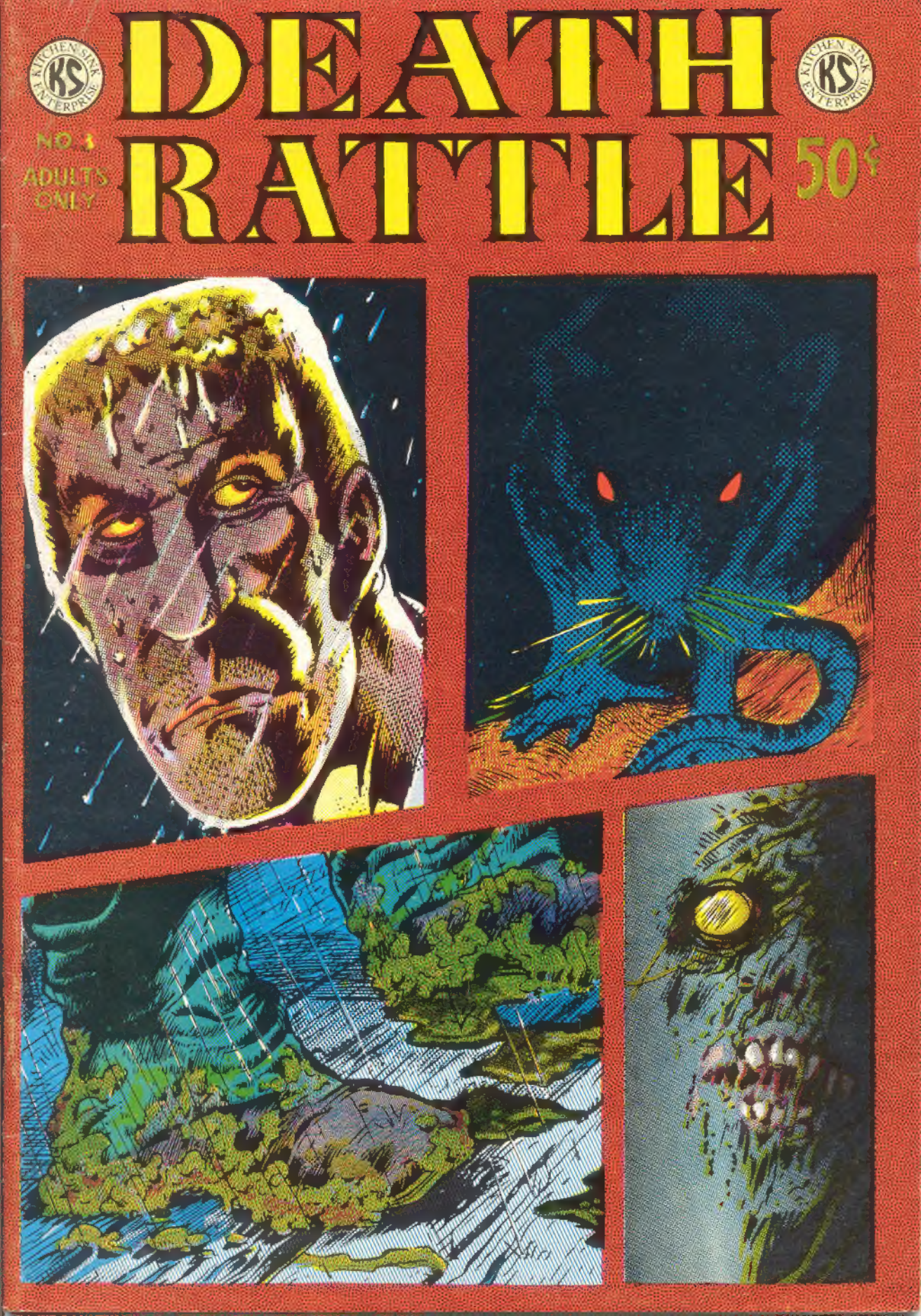
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MASON HAD TUNNELED AWAY FROM THE PRISON AT A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE, MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE. IT WOULD BE SOMETIME BEFORE HE WOULD BE MISSED. HE FINALLY PLOWED TO THE SURFACE AND FOUND HE HAD POSITIONED HIMSELF IN SKINNBONES GRAVEYARD. IMMEDIATELY HIS MIND WAS THRUST INTO THE TOWNS SUPERSTITION, TOTALLY FORGETTING ABOUT CONTINUING HIS ESCAPE. HIS CURIOSITY LINGERED ON THE STORIES AND TALES OF.....

THE RATS

MIKE ROBERTS '73

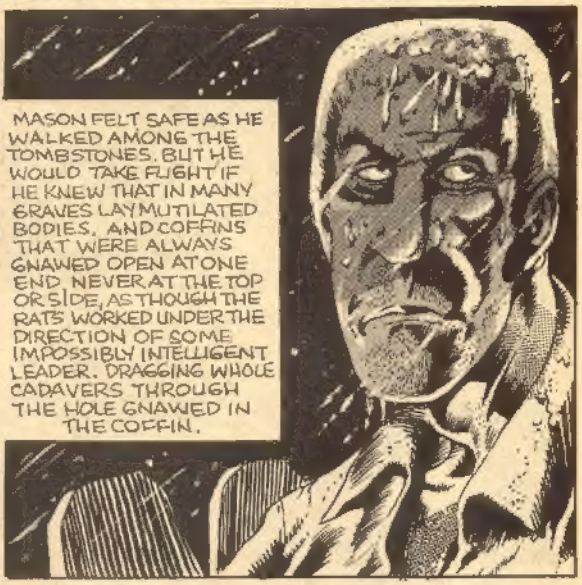
IT IS SAID GENERATIONS AGO THE RATS CAME UP FROM THE WHARVES AND SETTLED IN THE GRAVEYARD, OVERRUNNING IT IN RAVENOUS HORDES; MULTIPLYING A COLONY OF ABNORMALLY LARGE RATS, SOME AS LARGE AS GOOD SIZE CATS.

ONCE OR TWICE THE GRAVE-DIGGERS HAD UNCOVERED THEIR BURROWS, THE MALODOUROUS TUNNELS WERE LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN TO CRAWL INTO ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES.

MASON THOUGHT OF THE DISTURBING LEGENDS... BACK WHEN WITCH HUNTS FOLLOWED SUIT TO THAT OF COTTON MATHER OF OLD SALEM. TALES OF A MORIBUND INHUMAN LIFE THAT WAS SAID TO EXIST IN FORGOTTEN BURROWS IN THE EARTH. THOSE DAYS HAD PASSED, BUT DARK GABLED HOUSES STILL LEANED PERILOUSLY TOWARDS EACH OTHER OVER NARROW COBBLED STREETS.

BLASPHEMOUS SECRETS AND MYSTERIES WERE SAID TO BE HIDDEN IN SUBTERRANEAN CELLARS AND CAVERNS, WHERE FORGOTTEN PAGAN RITES WERE STILL CELEBRATED IN DEFIANCE OF LAW AND SANITY

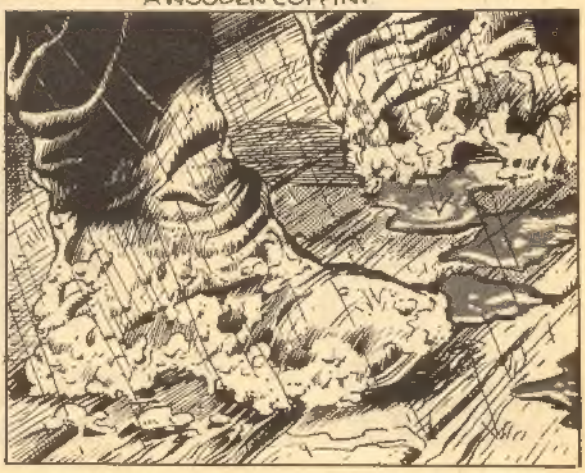
THE ELDERS DECLARED THERE WERE WORSE THINGS THAN RATS AND MAGGOTS CRAWLING IN THE CEMETERIES. THEY HELD AN INEXPLICABLE HORROR FOR THE DESERTED RAT-INFESTED HOUSES. IT WAS SAID GHOULISH BEINGS THAT DWELT FAR UNDERGROUND, HAD POWER OF COMMANDING THE RATS, MARSHALLING THEM LIKE HORRIBLE ARMIES. BODIES HAD BEEN STOLEN FROM GRAVES FOR NOCTURNAL SUBTERRANEAN FEASTS.

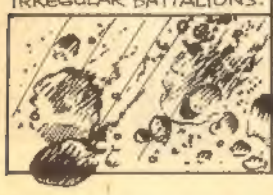


MASON FELT SAFE AS HE WALKED AMONG THE TOMBSTONES. BUT HE WOULD TAKE FLIGHT IF HE KNEW THAT IN MANY GRAVES LAY MUTILATED BODIES, AND COFFINS THAT WERE ALWAYS GNAWED OPEN AT ONE END, NEVER AT THE TOP OR SIDE, AS THOUGH THE RATS WORKED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF SOME IMPOSSIBLY INTELLIGENT LEADER. DRAGGING WHOLE CADAVERS THROUGH THE HOLE GNAWED IN THE COFFIN.

DESPITE THIS IT WAS STILL RAINING. A SLOW, COLD DRIZZLE THAT FOR WEEKS HAD BEEN DESCENDING FROM SOGGY BLACK CLOUDS. HE TOOK A STEP AND SLID INTO AN OPEN GRAVE. THE GRAVEYARD WAS A SLOUGH OF YELLOW SUCKING MUD, FROM WHICH THE RAIN WASHED TOMBSTONES STOOD UP IN IRREGULAR BATTALIONS.

NO RATS WERE IN SIGHT. THEY APPARENTLY RETREATED TO THEIR BURROWS, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SINCE IT STARTED TO RAIN. MASON DIDN'T BELIEVE ALL THAT SHIT. HIS GAUNT UNSHAVEN FACE WAS SET IN FROWNING LINES, HE WAS STANDING ON A COFFIN..... A WOODEN COFFIN.





HE STRAIGHTENED. FROM THE HILL ON WHICH THE GRAVEYARD LAY HE COULD SEE LIGHTS OF SKINNBONES FLICKERING DIMLY THROUGH THE DOWN POUR.

HE DREW A FLASH-LIGHT FROM HIS POCKET TAKEN IN HIS ESCAPE.

HE SHOT THE LIGHT ON THE COFFINS SURFACE.

ABRUPTLY HE STIFFENED. BENEATH HIS FEET HE SENSED A DULL STIRRING AND SCRATCHING, AS THOUGH SOMETHING WERE MOVING WITHIN THE COFFIN.

MASON GRABBED A SHOVEL THAT LAY NEARBY. WITH THE SHARP EDGE HE PRIED UP ON THE LID.....

..AND PULLED IT OFF WITH HIS HANDS.

THEN HE SENT THE FLASHLIGHT'S COLD BEAM DARTING DOWN INTO THE COFFIN... IT WAS EMPTY.....

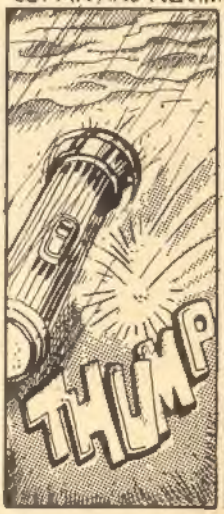
A FLICKER OF MOVEMENT. MASON DARTED THE LIGHT INTO THAT DIRECTION....

THE END OF THE SARCOPHAGUS HAD BEEN GNAWED THROUGH, AND A GAPING HOLE LED INTO DARKNESS.

A BLACK SHOE, LIMP AND DRAGGING WAS DISAPPEARING AS MASON WATCHED.

WHY, HE DIDN'T KNOW, BUT HE FELL TO HIS KNEES AND MADE A HASTY CLUTCH AT THE SHOE.

HIS FLASHLIGHT FELL INTO THE COFFIN AND WENT...



OUT!

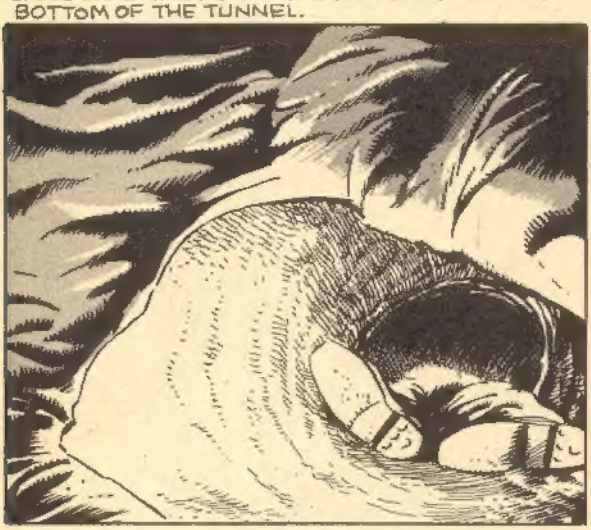
THE SHOE WAS TUGGED FROM HIS GRASP. HE HEARD A SHARP EXCITED SQUEALING. HE HAD HIS FLASHLIGHT AGAIN AND WAS DARTING ITS LIGHT INTO THE BURROW.

IT WAS A LARGE ONE. IT HAD TO BE OR THE CORPSE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN DRAGGED ALONG IT. MASON WONDERED AT THE SIZE OF THE RATS THAT COULD CARRY AWAY A MAN'S BODY.

BUT THE REVOLVER IN HIS POCKET TAKEN FROM A GUARD FORTIFIED HIM.

WITH SCARCELY A PAUSE HE CLIPPED THE FLASHLIGHT TO HIS BELT AND CREPT INTO THE BURROW. IT WAS A TIGHT FIT, BUT HE MANAGED TO SQUEEZE HIMSELF ALONG.

AHEAD OF HIM THE FLASHLIGHT'S GLOW REFLECTED THE SHOES DRAGGING ALONG THE WET EARTH OF THE BOTTOM OF THE TUNNEL.



THE AIR WAS OVERPOWERING WITH ITS MUSTY STENCH OF CARRION. BELATED FEARS WERE BEGINNING TO CRAWL MAGGOT-LIKE WITHIN HIS MIND, BUT CURIOSITY URGED HIM ON. HE CRAWLED FORWARD, SEVERAL TIMES PASSING THE MOUTHS OF ADJOINING TUNNELS.

THE BURROW WALLS WERE DAMP, SLIMEY AND CRUMBLING.

THE DANGER OF HIS POSITION BECAME REAL AND TERRIFYING THOUGHTS OF CAVE-INS MADE HIS PULSE RACE.

EVEN THOUGH HE HAD ALMOST OVERTAKEN THE CORPSE AND THE INVISIBLE THINGS THAT PULLED IT, MASON OVERLOOKED THAT THE BURROW WAS TOO NARROW TO TURN AROUND IN.

PANIC TOUCHED HIM BRIEFLY. BUT HE REMEMBERED A SIDE TUNNEL HE PASSED, AND BACKED AWKWARDLY ALONG THE TUNNEL UNTIL HE CAME TO IT. HE THRUST HIS LEGS INTO IT UNTIL HE COULD TURN. HURRIEDLY HE RETRACED HIS WAY.

AGONIZING PAIN SHOT THROUGH HIS LEG. HE FELT SHARP TEETH SINK INTO HIS FLESH, AND LASHED OUT FRANTICALLY. THERE WAS A SHRILL AND THE SCURRY OF MANY FEET.

HE FLASHED HIS LIGHT BEHIND HIM HIS BREATH CAUGHT IN A SOB OF FEAR. A DOZEN GREAT RATS WAITED....

...THEIR SLITTED EYES WATCHING INTENTLY. THEY WERE GREAT MISSHAPEN THINGS AS LARGE AS CATS.

BEHIND THEM HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A DARK SHAPE THAT STIRRED AND MOVED SWIFTLY ASIDE INTO THE SHADOW. MASON SHUDDERED AT THE UNBELIEVABLE SIZE OF THE THING.

CLOSER THEY EDGED, THEIR TEETH REFLECTING A DULL ORANGE IN THE LIGHT. MASON EXTRACTED HIS PISTOL. THE ROLLING THUNDER OF THE SHOT DEAFENED HIM, CLOUDS OF SMOKE SENT HIM COUGHING.

WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED OUT AND HE COULD HEAR AGAIN, HE SAW THAT THE RATS WERE GONE.

HE PUT HIS PISTOL BACK AND CREPT SWIFTLY ALONG THE TUNNEL.....

THEN WITH A SCURRY AND A RUSH THEY WERE UPON HIM AGAIN. THEY SWARMED HIS LEGS, BITING AND SQUEALING INSANELY. MASON SHRIEKED HORRIBLY AS HE SNATCHED FOR HIS GUN.

HE FIRED. THIS TIME THEY DIDN'T RETREAT SO FAR.....

...MASON CRAWLED SWIFTLY AS HE COULD ALONG THE BURROW, READY TO FIRE AGAIN. THERE WAS A PATTER OF FEET, HE SENT THE LIGHT STABBING BEHIND HIM.

A GREAT GREY RAT PAUSED AND WATCHED HIM. ITS LONG RAGGED WHISKERS TWITCHED, AND ITS SCABROUS, NAKED TAIL WAS MOVING SLOWLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

MASON SHOUTED AND THE RAT RETREATED. HE CRAWLED ON, PAUSING BRIEFLY AT A BLACK GAP OF A SIDE TUNNEL AT HIS ELBOW. HE MADE OUT A SHAPELESS HUDDLE ON THE DAMP CLAY A FEW YARDS AHEAD.

WITH A DREADFUL UNBELIEVING SHOCK MASON RECOGNIZED IT AS A HUMAN BODY. A BROWN SHRIVELLED MUMMY..... AND IT WAS MOVING...

IN THE PALE GLOW OF THE FLASHLIGHT HE SAW A FRIGHTFUL GARGOYLE FACE THRUST INTO HIS OWN. IT WAS A PASSIONLESS DEATHS-HEAD SKULL OF A LONG DEAD CORPSE .....

INSTILLED WITH HELLISH LIFE, THE GLAZED EYES, SWOLLEN AND BULBOUS, BETRAYED THE THINGS BLINDNESS. IT MADE A FAINT GROANING SOUND AS IT CRAWLED TOWARDS MASON.....,

STRETCHING ITS RAGGED AND GRANULATED LIPS OF DREADFUL HUNGER. AND MASON WAS FROZEN WITH ABYSMAL FEAR AND LOATHING.

MASON FLUNG HIMSELF FRANTICALLY INTO THE BURROW AT HIS SIDE.

HE HEARD A SCRAMBLING NOISE AT HIS HEELS. THE THING GROANED DULLY AS IT CAME AFTER HIM. MASON SCREAMED, PROPELLING HIMSELF DESPERATELY THROUGH THE NARROW BURROW.

DIRT SHOWERED INTO HIS EYES, BUT HE DARED NOT PAUSE EVEN FOR A MOMENT.

SQUEALING TRIUMPHANTLY, THE RATS CAME AT HIM, HORRIBLE HUNGER IN THEIR EYES. MASON ALMOST SUCCUMBED TO THEIR VICIOUS TEETH BEFORE HE SUCCEEDED IN BEATING THEM OFF.

THE PASSAGE WAS NARROWING, AND IN A FRENZY OF TERROR HE KICKED, AND SCREAMED AND FIRED UNTIL THE HAMMER CLICKED EMPTY. BUT HE HAD DRIVEN THEM OFF.

HE FOUND HIMSELF CRAWLING UNDER A GREAT STONE EMBEDDED IN THE ROOF THAT DUG CRUELLY INTO HIS BACK. IT MOVED AS HIS WEIGHT STRUCK IT, AND AN IDEA CAME. IF HE COULD ONLY BRING THE STONE DOWN BLOCKING THE TUNNEL.

THE EARTH WAS WET AND SOGGY FROM THE RAINS. HE HUNCHED HIMSELF HALF UPRIGHT AND DUG AT THE DIRT SURROUNDING THE STONE.

THE RATS CAME CLOSER. HE SAW THEIR EYES GLOWING IN THE REFLECTION OF THE FLASHLIGHT'S BEAM.

MASON CLAWED FRANTICALLY AT THE EARTH. THE STONE WAS GIVING.

A RAT APPROACHED..THE MONSTER HE HAD ALREADY GLIMPSED. GREY AND LEPROUS AND HIDIOUS. IT CREPT FORWARD WITH ITS ORANGE TEETH BARED,.....

AND IN ITS WAKE CAME THE BLIND DEAD THING, GROANING AS IT CRAWLED.

MASON GAVE A LAST FRANTIC TUG AT THE STONE. HE FELT IT SLIDE DOWNWARDS AND THEN SCRAMBLED ALONG THE TUNNEL. BEHIND HIM THE STONE CRASHED DOWN. HE HEARD A FRIGHTFUL SHRIEK OF AGONY.

CLODS SHOWERED UPON HIS LEGS. A HEAVY WEIGHT FELL ON HIS FEET, YET WITH DIFFICULTY HE PULLED FREE. THE ENTIRE TUNNEL WAS COLLAPSING.

GASPING WITH FEAR, MASON THRUST FORWARD AS THE SOGGY EARTH COLLAPSED AT HIS HEELS. HE COULD BARELY USE HIS HANDS AND LEGS, THE TUNNEL WAS NARROWING.

HE WRIGGLED FORWARD LIKE AN EEL AND SUDDENLY FELT SATIN TEAR BENEATH HIS CLAWING FINGERS. HIS HEAD CRASHED INTO SOMETHING THAT BARRED HIS PATH.

HE WAS LYING FLAT ON HIS STOMACH. HE TRIED TO RAISE HIMSELF AND FOUND THE ROOF ONLY A FEW INCHES FROM HIS BACK.

PANIC SHOT THROUGH HIM. HE WAS IN A COFFIN: AN EMPTY COFFIN INTO WHICH HE HAD CREPT, THROUGH THE HOLE THE RATS HAD GNAWED INTO!

HE TRIED TO TURN ON HIS BACK THE LID OF THE COFFIN PINNED HIM INEXORABLY

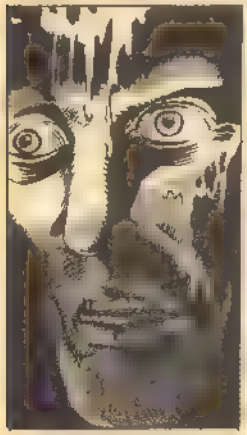
HE STRAINED HIMSELF AGAINST THE LID IT WAS IMMOVABLE.

HE FOUND HIMSELF GASPING. IT WAS DREADFULLY FETID, UNBEARABLY HOT.

IN A PAROXYSM OF TERROR HE RIPPED AND CLAWED AT THE SATIN UNTIL IT SHREDDED.

HE MADE A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO DIG WITH HIS FEET AT THE COLLAPSED BURROW THAT BLOCKED HIS RETREAT.

WHITE HOT AGONY LANCED THROUGH HIS BREAST. THROBBED IN HIS EYEBALLS. HIS HEAD SEEMED TO BE SWELLING, GROWING LARGER AND LARGER.



AND SUDDENLY HE HEARD THE SQUEALING OF RATS

HE BEGAN TO SCREAM INSANELY BUT COULD NOT DROWN THEM OUT.

FOR A MOMENT HE THRASHED ABOUT HYSTERICALLY WITHIN HIS NARROW PRISON.

. AND THEN HE WAS QUIET GASPING FOR AIR

HIS EYELIDS CLOSED

HIS BLACKENED TONGUE PROTRUDED.

AND HE SANK INTO THE BLACKNESS OF DEATH..

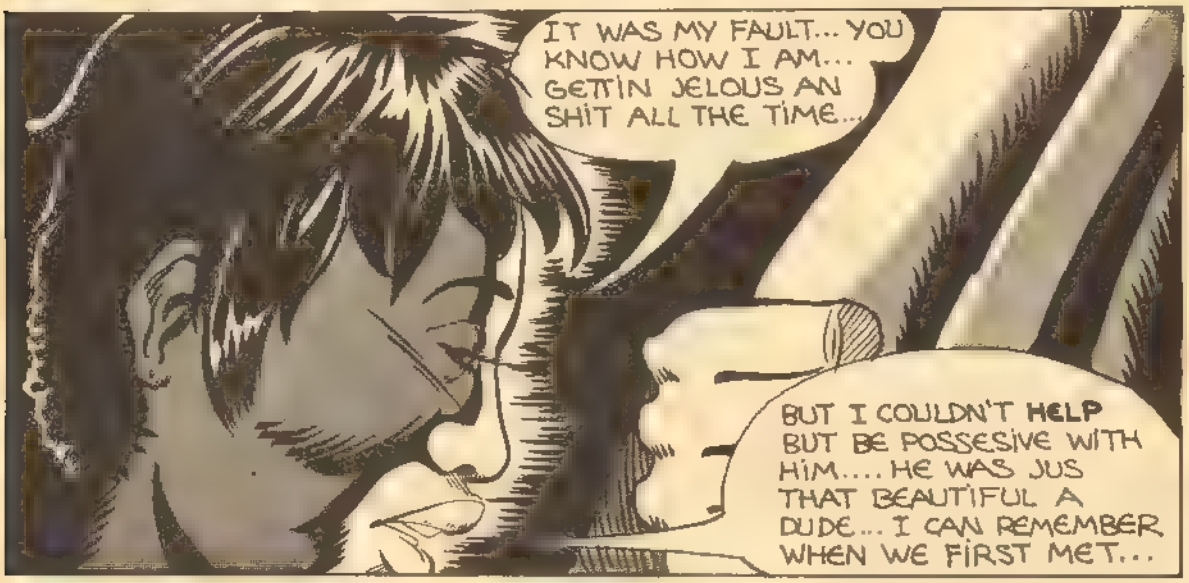
. WITH THE MAD SQUEALING OF THE RATS DINNING IN HIS EARS.

The POTION
GIRL, I JUS CAN'T GIT THAT MAN OFF MY MIND
YOU SHO AS HELL CAINT! YOU BEEN TALKIN BOUT 'IM FO THE LAS THREE HOURS!

I MEAN, LIKE, YOU BEEN WITH OTHER DUDES BEFO .... WHAT MADE MARQUETT SO SPECIAL ANYWAY?
I DON'T KNOW... I GUESS IT WAS THE WAY HE TREATED ME... YOU KNOW... NOT LIKE THEM OL STREET NIGGAS...
NONE A THAT OL 'HEY BABY' BULL-SHIT.. HE WAS JUS A FO REAL BROTHAH.

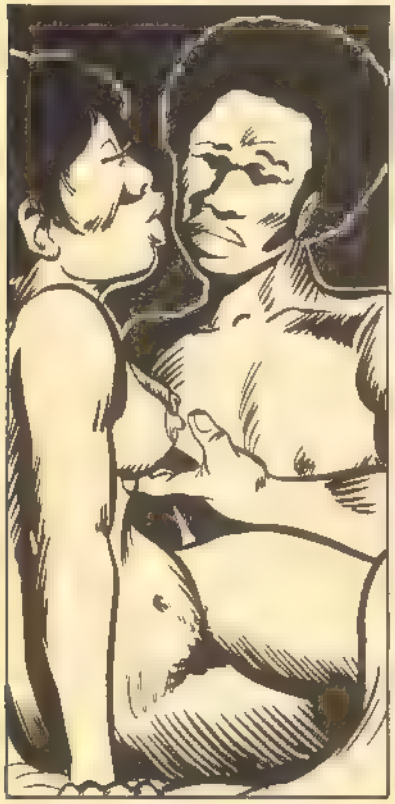
AN I'M TELLIN YOU NOW, GIRL, DUDES LIKE THAT IS RARE...
THEY ONLY COME ONCE IN A LIFE-TIME!

WELL IF HE WAS SO GOOD AN GREAT AN ALL... HOW COME YALL BROKE UP?


IT WAS MY FAULT... YOU KNOW HOW I AM... GETTIN JELOUS AN SHIT ALL THE TIME...
BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT BE POSSESIVE WITH HIM.... HE WAS JUS THAT BEAUTIFUL A DUDE... I CAN REMEMBER WHEN WE FIRST MET...

"I WAS WORKIN AT WOOLWORTH'S THEN PUTTIN UP A FLOOR DISPLAY MY FLOOR MANAGER WANTED DONE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES."
"NATURALLY, I FUCKED UP AN KNOCKED THE JIVE DOWN. . YOU KNOW HOW I GET WHEN I GET A BUNCHA PRESSURE PUT ON ME . . . ."
"THAT OL HUNKIE FLOOR MANAGER A MINE STARTED YELLIN AN CUSSIN AT ME SO YOU KNOW I STARTED CUSSIN BACK AT HIS PUNK ASS SELF . YOU KNOW HOW I AM . . . "
"AN THEN, OUTTA NO-PLACE CAME MARQUETTE"
"HE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL THEN AS HE IS NOW."
"JUS BEAUTIFUL"
"THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO A LOUNGE . . . NOT ONE A THEM OL RUN-DOWN SHOOT-EM-UP PLACES . . . A REAL NICE LOUNGE WE TALKED A LIL . . ."
HE WAS ONE A THEM COLLEGE STUDENTS. . I THOUGHT HE WAS A EGGHEAD THEN . . . "

"UNTIL LATER ON THAT WEEK.."



"HE WAS JUS' BEAUTIFUL."

"AS THE DAYS PASSED, HE WOULD TAKE ME OUT TO PLAYS AN JAZZ CONCERTS..."
" HE EVEN BOUGHT ME A LEATHER COAT."

"HE USED TO TELL ME STUFF ABOUT HOW I REMINDED HIM OF A AFRICAN EXCHANGE STUDENT HE HAD MET AT SCHOOL AN HOW FO REAL I WAS . . . . . "

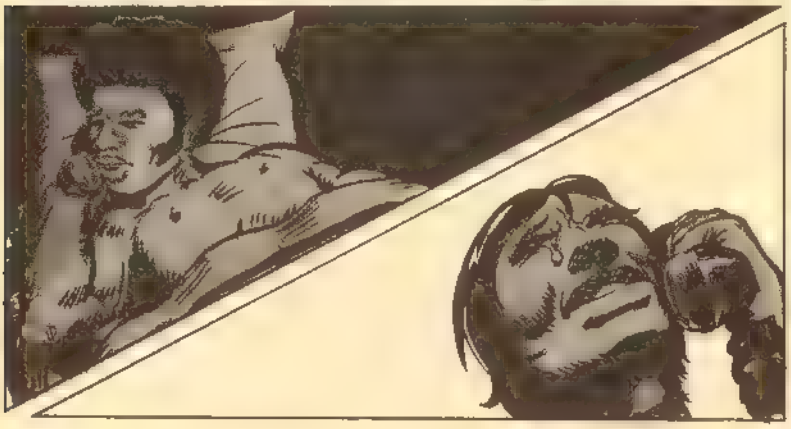
"HE EVEN GOT ME TO THINKIN BOUT GOIN BACK TO SCHOOL... MAYBE TO MAJOR IN MEDICINE OR CHEMESTRY."

"THINGS WAS COOL WITH US... UNTIL THAT NASTY BITCH, DIANNE BAKER, STARTED TRYIN TO GIT NEXT TO IM..."

"I SHOULDN'TA BEEN JELOUS CAUSE ANY FOOL COULD SEE SHE COULDN'T TURN IM ON.. BUT YOU KNOW HOW I AM .."

"SO ONE NIGHT I WAS SO HIGH I DIDN'T KNOW UP FROM DOWN AN I LOOKED OUT MY WINDOW AN SAW THAT OL STANKY HO TALKIN TO MARQUETTE SO I WENT OUTSIDE AN JUS BEAT HER ASS TILL IT WAS BLACK AN BLUE DAMN NEAR KILLED ER"

"AFTER THAT, I DIDN'T SEE TOO MUCH A MARQUETTE. HE'D COME OVER NOW AN THEN HARDLY AT ALL THEN, TWO WEEKS AGO I CALLED IM AN HE TOL ME HE COULDN'T GET THAT BEATIN I GAVE DIANNE OFF HIS MIND AN THAT HE WOULDN'T BE SEEIN ME NO MO "



"I CRIED ALL NIGHT."

AN I BEEN CRYIN EVER SINCE... THAT'S WHY I CAME OVER HERE, DORETHA.

AN WHAT YOU THINK I CAN DO FO YOU CEPT OFFER YOU A SHOULDER TO CRY ON?

YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THAT WITCH LADY ON BENSON AVENUE.

WHA? GIRL, YOU **CRAZY**!

NO I AINT! I HEARD SHE CAN MAKE LOVE POTIONS AN JIVE...

AW, THAT'S JUS **RUMORS**, GIRL!

RUMORS MY ASS! YOU KNOW IT'S MORE'N RUMORS TO THAT! WHEN WE WAS LITTLE AN YOU USED TO CLEAN HER HOUSE FO HER, YOU USED TO ALWAYS BE COMIN BACK TELLIN ME BOUT WHAT NEW POTION SHE DONE COOKED UP FO SOMEBODY.

OOOOOOOOH **GIRL**! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT FROM? I AINT **EVER** TOL YOU NOTHIN LIKE **THAT**!

YES YOU DID! I **KNOW** SHE CAN DO THAT MESS CAUSE SHE FROM... UH... HAITI WHERE THEY BE DOIN THAT VOODOO SHIT ALL THE TIME!

SO YOU WANNA USE **VOODOO** ON A REAL SWEET DUDE YOU RAN AWAY FROM YOSELF HUH? THAT'S STOOPIN MIGHTY **LOW**, PAM

I DON'T WANNA MAKE IM A **ZOMBIE**... JUS TURN HIS HEAD A LIL SO HE'LL GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE; THAT'S ALL... ANOTHER CHANCE..

THEN ASK HIM FO ONE! DON'T GO FUCKIN AROUN AN TRY TO PUT SOME KINDA HEX ON IM!
DORETHA, YOU MY SISTER AN YOU THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN GET ME TO HER... IS YOU GON HELP ME OR NOT?

COME ON

HOW MUCH IS IT GON COST ME?
SHIT! I DUNNO! I'M SORRY I EVEN BROUGHT YOU HERE!
RAP
RAP

JUS DONT BE TELLIN EVERYBODY BOUT THIS, HEAR?

I **WON'T**, DORETHA

MISS FABBARIQUE? IT'S ME, DORETHA BIGGS.

DOR-EE-THA? COME ON IN, SUGAH LUMP... YOU AINT BEEN BY IN AGES!

HOW YOU BEEN, BABY?

FINE, MISS FABBARIQUE... OH, UH, THIS IS MY LIL SISTAH, PAM.

HELLO.

HI

UH, MISS FABBARIQUE, I WANTED TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU... UH PAM LOST HER MAN, AN SHE WANTS HIM BACK SO

SO YOU WANT A LOVE POTION FOR HER, EH?

UH YEAH

SHE CANNOT GET HIM BACK BY HERSELF?

WELL THAT'S WHAT I KEPT TELLIN HER BUT

BUT **NOTHIN**! MISS FABBARIQUE, THAT MAN MEANS **EVERYTHING** TO ME... I **GOTTA** HAVE IM BACK... PLEASE... I'LL PAY YOU WHAT EVER YOU WANT!

YOU SEEM TO BE SINCERELY IN LOVE... I DONT DO POTIONS NO MORE... BUT FOR **YOU** I WILL MAKE AN EXCEPTION

HOW MUCH?

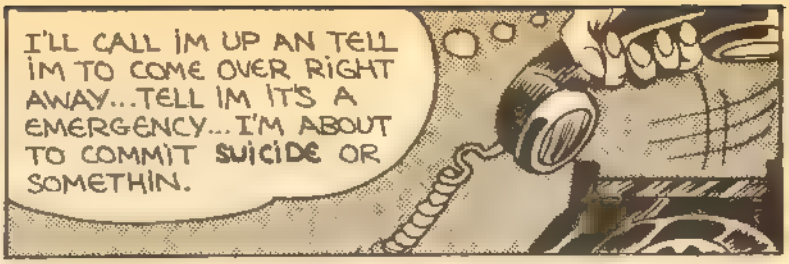
NOTHING... IT IS A FAVOR I AM DOING... HOWEVER I **WILL** NEED SOMETHING... AN OBJECT HE HAS TOUCHED AT ONE TIME TO MAKE IT WORK.

YOU MEAN LIKE THIS BRACELET?

YES! THAT WILL DO FINE... NOW GO... COME BACK TOMORROW AT EIGHT AND I WILL HAVE WHAT YOU WANT.

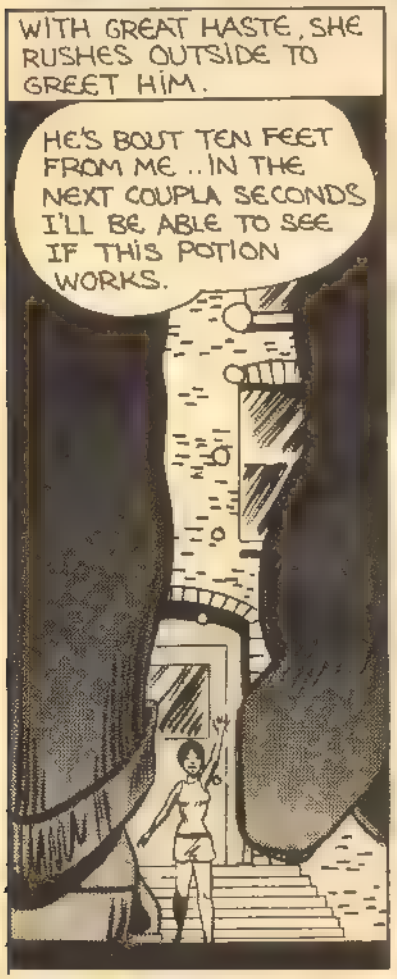
AND THAT NIGHT, AMIDST THE FUMES OF A STINKING BREW, A SIREN'S WAIL SHATTERS DARK SILENCE..
AND THE PEACE OF OTHERS.
FELT LIKE MY BRAIN WAS ON FIRE A SECOND AGO.
FIGURES THOUGH; AINT HAD MUCH SLEEP SINCE I BROKE UP WITH PAM.
FUCK IT! I BEEN FOOLIN MYSELF ALL THIS TIME... I'M IN LOVE WITH THAT GIRL AN SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME... I SHOULDA SEEN THAT FROM THE WAY SHE WAS FIGHTIN OVER ME...
THAT SHIT TURNED ME OFF... BUT I DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO EXPLAIN TO HER THAT REGARDLESS OF THE SITUATION, I DON'T DIG BROTHAHS AN SISTAHS FIGHTIN OVER SOME BULLSHIT.
I'M GON GO OVER HER PLACE TOMORROW... LET HER KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER.
YEAH... SKIP CLASS AN POP OVER THERE BRIGHT AN EARLY.

MISS FABBARIQUE SAID IF I'M WEARIN THIS POTION, IT'LL GET TO IM WHEN HE STEPS WITHIN THREE FEET A ME... I HOPE THIS SHIT WORKS.


I'LL CALL IM UP AN TELL IM TO COME OVER RIGHT AWAY... TELL IM ITS A EMERGENCY... I'M ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE OR SOMETHIN.

NO ANSWER. MUST BE IN CLASS NOW... I'LL CALL BACK LATER.

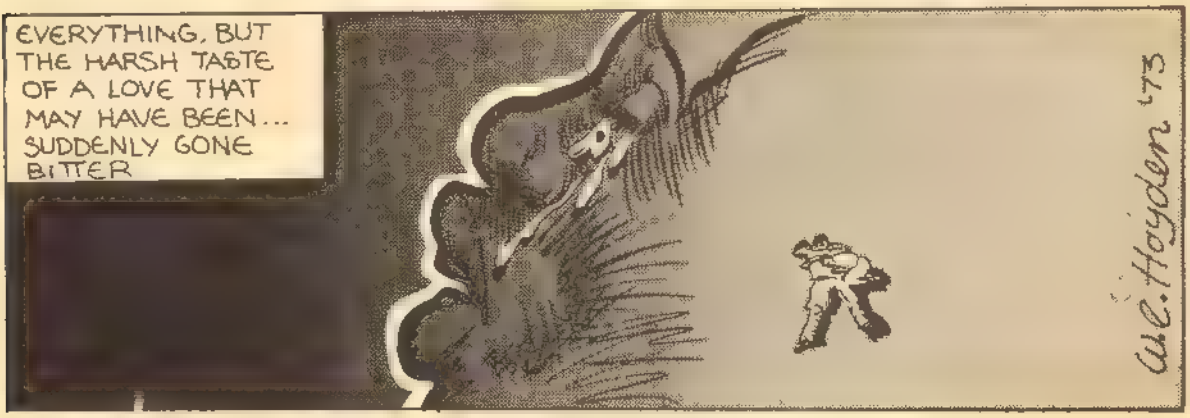
HOLD ON! THAT'S HIM OUTSIDE AN HE'S HEADIN FO THE HOUSE!


WITH GREAT HASTE, SHE RUSHES OUTSIDE TO GREET HIM.
HE'S BOUT TEN FEET FROM ME .. IN THE NEXT COUPLA SECONDS I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IF THIS POTION WORKS.

FIVE FEET!
HEY PAM, I GOTTA...
SCREEEEEECH!

AW SHIT!

DID THE POTION WORK? DOES IT MATTER AT ALL?
FOR PAM, NOTHING MATTERS ANYMORE... WHATEVER VICTORY THAT MAY HAVE BEEN GAINED IS GONE NOW... EVERYTHING IS GONE .....


EVERYTHING, BUT THE HARSH TASTE OF A LOVE THAT MAY HAVE BEEN... SUDDENLY GONE BITTER
W.E. Hoyden '73

THERE WAS NO PLACE ON EARTH WHERE THE PRESENCE OF THE INSECT HORDES HADN'T BEEN FELT YET THERE WERE DARK PLACES WHERE FEAR WAS RESERVED FOR THE ANCIENT SOURCES OF TERROR PLACES LIKE...

THE VALLEY OF BARON ARAKNAL

TWO MEN CROUCH, HIDDEN, IN MORTAL FEAR, BOTH OF THAT FOR WHICH THEY WAIT

AND OF THE MASTER THEY SERVE. IF THEY FAIL, THE COST WILL BE DEAR: THEIR LIVES, AND THE LIVES OF THOSE THEY LOVE.

THE BUZZING OF THE INSECT IS LOUD NOW, BUT THE BARON CONTINUES HIS SLOW STEADY PACE. SEEMINGLY UNAWARE OF ITS PRESENCE. IT FOLLOWS BRAZEN CONFIDENT SURE

THE INSTANT THE NOBLEMAN STEPS PAST HIS HIDDEN HUNTERS...

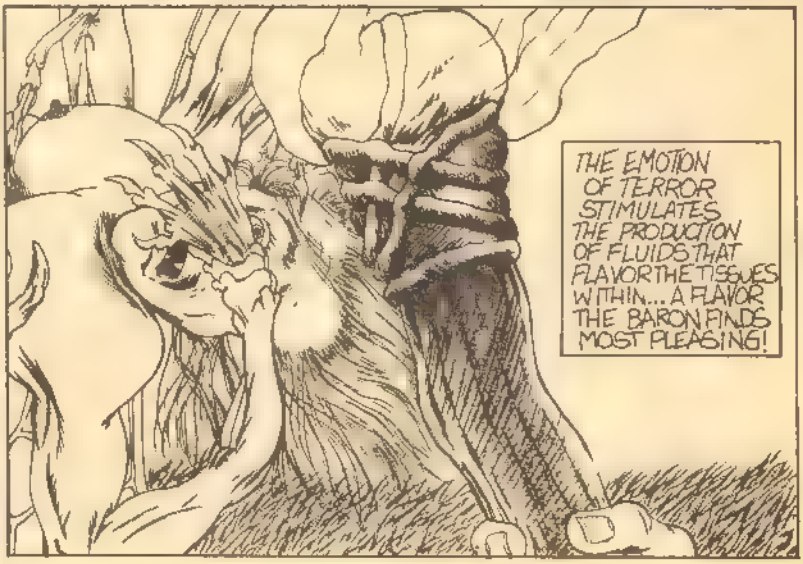
THWIFFT

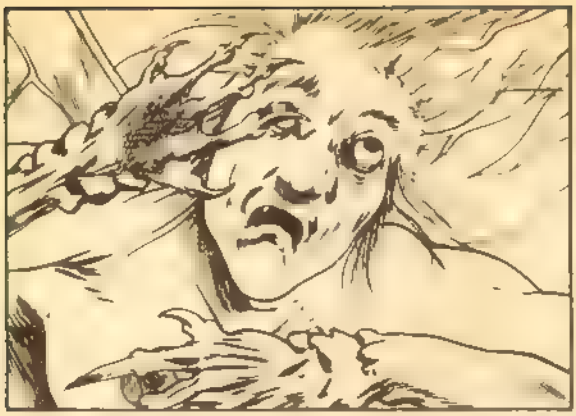
TWO STEEL SHAFTS FLY TOWARD THE WINGED INSECT AND PIERCE THE TOUGH EXOSKELETON. THEY ANCHOR FIRMLY IN THE MUSCLES WITHIN.

SHHHHHFFF

THE BARON'S ARCHER'S SECURE THE TOUGH LINES TO THE TREES NEARBY THE INSECT SCREAMS, SUSPENDED, AGONIZED

THERE CAN BE NO HESITATION THE CREATURE WILL DIE... IN TERRIBLE PAIN.





MOMENTS LATER

THE FLAMES HAVE REDUCED A HEAD THAT FELT AND THOUGHT AND SCREAMED, TO AN EMPTY, SMOKING SKULL. A STEAMING GUSH OF LIQUID FLOODS FROM THE BODY EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES. NOW THE POTENT ODOR OF BLOOD ISSUES AN IRRESISTABLE COMMAND...

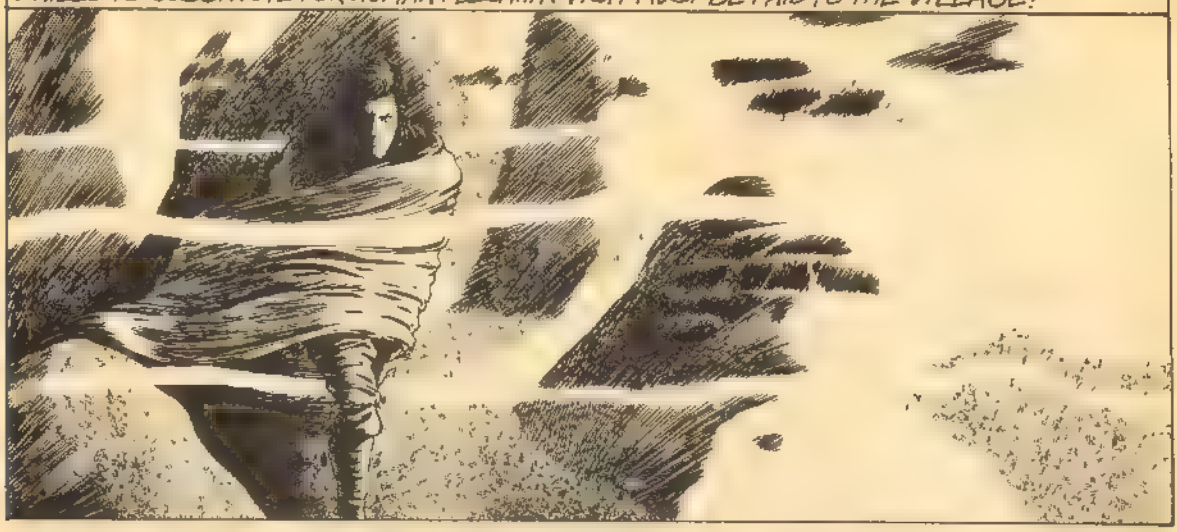
I MUST FEAST! GO!

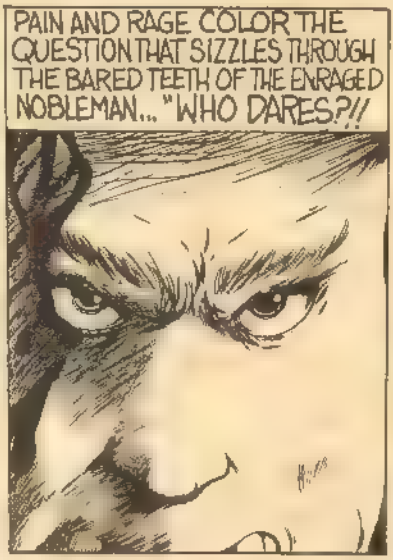
AT ONCE!

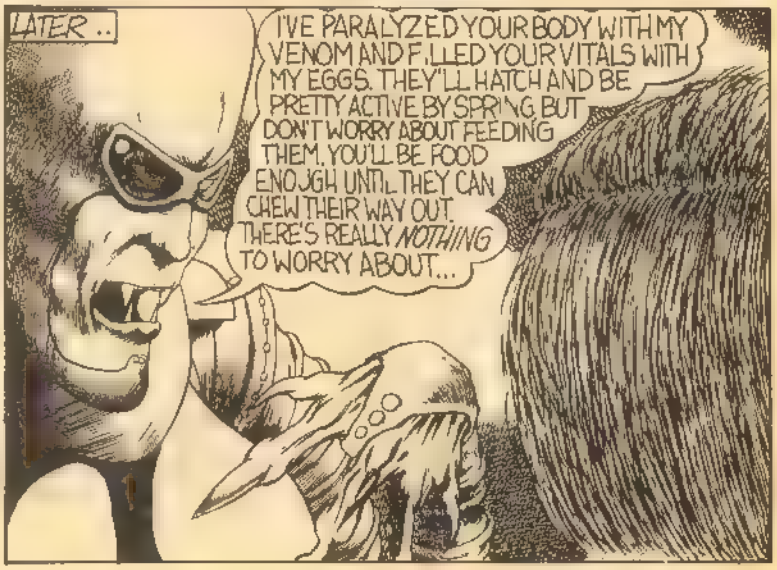
WOOD IS STACKED AND A RITUAL FIRE IS LIT. ALL IS READY.

IF THE BARON IS SATISFIED, THE DREAD MIDNIGHT VISIT WILL NOT COME. THE INSECT'S BODY WILL HAVE PURCHASED LIFE FOR ONE OF THE VILLAGE'S FAIR DAUGHTERS. ALL PRAY HIS HUNGER WILL BE SATIATED.

AFTER ONLY TWO MONTHS THE FIERY HUNGER BURNS ONCE MORE THE GIANT INSECT HAS FAILED TO SUBSTITUTE FOR HUMAN FLESH... A VISIT MUST BE PAID TO THE VILLAGE!





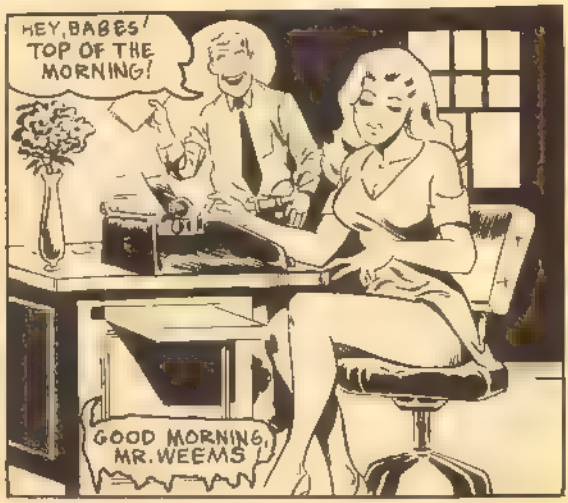


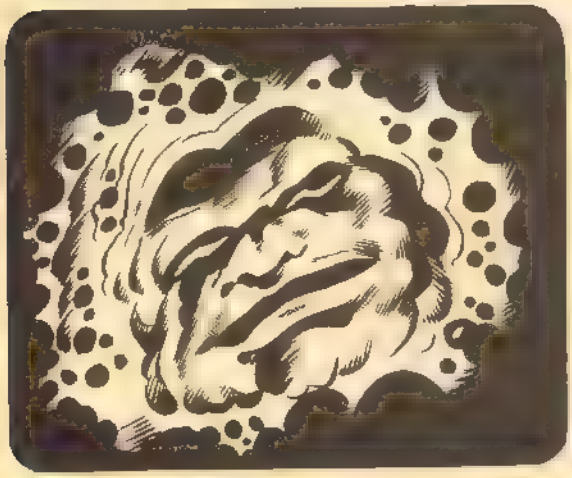
VISION CLEARS, AND THE ANNOYING BUZZ BECOMES OMINOUS SPEECH. PRIDE SMARTS AS NAKEDNESS IS DISPLAYED TO COMMONERS, THE ICY WIND BURNS THE EXPOSED SKIN. YET NOTHING CAN COMPARE WITH THE BITTER AMASSED HATRED THAT RADIATES FROM THE CROWD THAT HAS GATHERED IN THE VILLAGE. THE SOURCE OF GENERATIONS OF TERROR HANGS BEFORE THEM AT LAST... NAKED, HELPLESS, DOOMED! IT WILL BE A LONG WINTER...

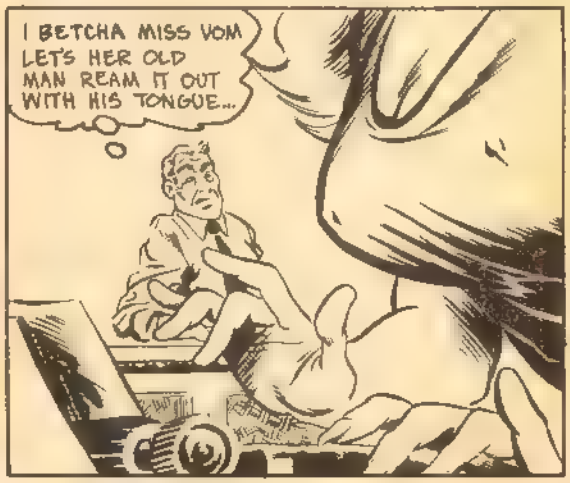
SPLIT SCREEN

STORY TOM VEITCH

ART MIKE WOSDING '73







BOMP

OH SHIT! HERE IT COMES AGAIN!
?

UHN, UK, UN UCK, UCK
OH, MR WEEMS STICK IT IN ALL THE WAY!

DID YOU CALL ME, MR. WEEMS ?
GASP! CHOKE!

BONG
BONG
FUCK ME, BABY DOLL, FUCK ME!

MR. WEEMS!
HUH? M-MISS VOM?

AH AH-AH-AH
YOU FEELING ALRIGHT, MR. WEEMS!
YES, I'M F-F-FINE! GO B-BACK TO YOUR WORK, PLEASE!
SHIT! HERE COMES THE BAD PART-- GOTTA TAKE MY PILL QUICK!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSS
WHEW! THAT FEELS BETTER! A WORKING MAN AIN'T GOT TIME TO INDULGE IN SUCH FANTASIES.

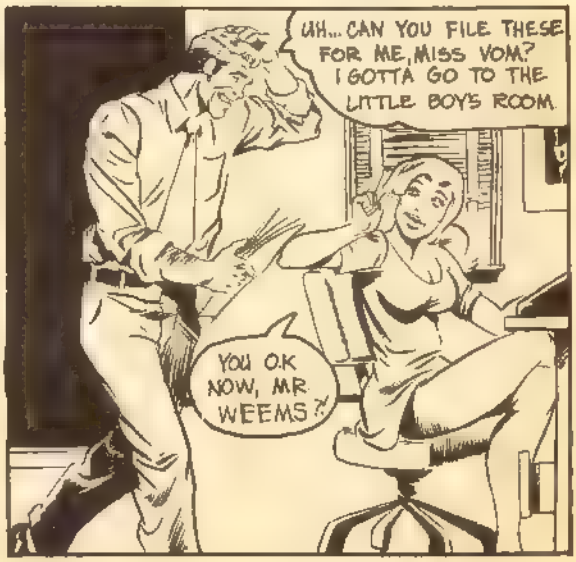
BOMP BOMP
BOMP BOMP

bzzz mmm
10% increase
2 per cent
returns due
to rusty tips
buzz . buzz . ma
Ohio
sales
do
1½ n
to
m
eve
decide
verhead, cut
by locale to

BOMP BOMP
BOMP

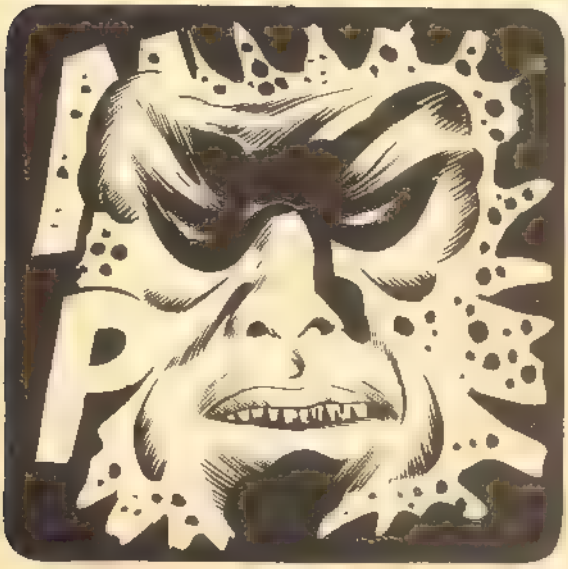
BZZ..BZ... 52% GROSS MARGIN... MM.. GOTTA TAKE A SHIT..
I'M SORRY, CAN'T MOVE MY FOOT! YOUR HAND IS TOO STICKY!

BOMP


UH... CAN YOU FILE THESE FOR ME, MISS VOM? I GOTTA GO TO THE LITTLE BOY'S ROOM.
YOU O.K NOW, MR WEEMS?

B

MEN
FUNNY, SOMETIMES SHE TREATS ME LIKE A GOB OF MUCOUS AND SOMETIMES SHE'S REAL SWEET!


P

AH.. LIKE THAT FEELING JUST BEFORE IT COMES OUT..
SPLASH!

ACK! IT'S HAPPENING! AND I LEFT MY PILLS IN MY DESK!

OH, NO! IT'S GOING RIGHT INTO THE BAD PART!!

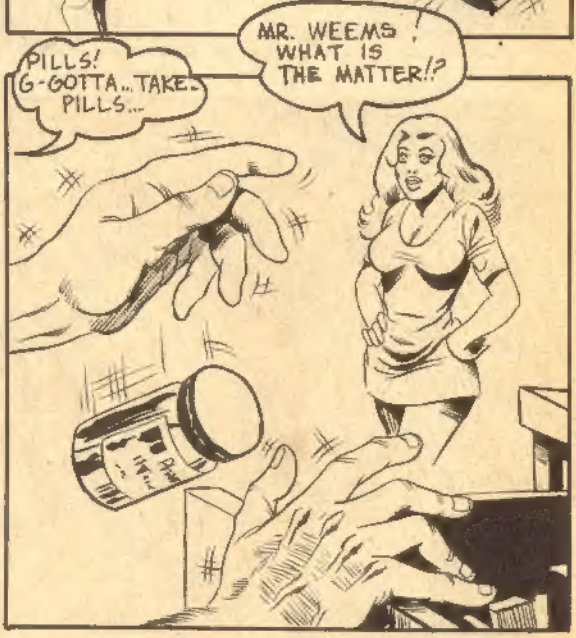
STOP

HOLY SHIT! GOTTA GET TO THOSE PILLS!

PL CK!

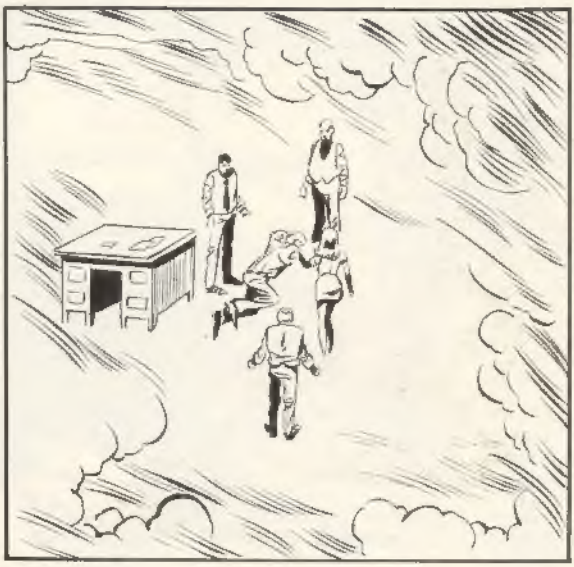
GOOD LORD!!

FINISH THOSE REPORTS YET, WEEMS !?


MR. WEEMS ! WHAT IS THE MATTER!?
PILLS! G-GOTTA... TAKE... PILLS...

BURP!

GLLARRGGGG



THE END

IT WAS FRESH THIS MORNING!
APRIL '73